THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 13.

Boston, Saturday, July 26, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXXVIII.

Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
"I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
Merrick.

THE liberty of complaining is said to abate half our woes. That this is true so far as respects the minor mortifications to which man is subjected in his communications with society, the Wanderer is willing to admit and without hesitation lays before his readers the letter of a splenetic correspondent.

TO THE WANDERER.

Sir,

After a quiet residence for five and twenty years in a remote part of the state, where I never felt a desire to return to the capital, which peculiar reasons induced me to abandon, I was called very recently to visit your city much against my inclination, and have here witnessed a species of foppery, with which, until a few days since, I was wholly unacquainted.

Once a resident in Boston, I could not but recollect some of my old acquaintance, nor could I decently refuse an invitation to dinner from a near relation of my wife. Mr. H. was when I left town, what is called a *fore-handed* tradesman; but, having taken a share in some successful speculations to the West Indies, *now* assumes the title of merchant.

I expected at my friend's house to enjoy a plain family dinner and was not a little disappointed when I learnt that much company had been invited by my friend's son, who had lately returned from Europe, and who, I afterwards discovered, was not pleased by my making one of the party. As it was a full hour after the arrival of most of the company before dinner was announced, the interim was employed in conversation, in which from my age and the relation I bore to the family I expected to take some part; but, having unluckily never been without the limits of the Commonwealth, I was obliged to be almost silent, as every subject was tortured, by my young kinsman and his friend Mr. T., who accompanied him in his travels, into a reference to some foreign country, or ended in a description of some European custom.

An observation was made by one of the company, that the weather had been excessively dry during the present season. Now, Sir, the weather is a topic, of which every body can converse, and I was entering into a comparison of this with some former summers and intended to hazard some conjectures re-

garding the change, which has taken place in our climate since my recollection, but was interrupted by some loud observations of the travellers on the weather of Montpellier and the sterility of that part of the Roman territory which is intersected by the Appian way. Though I have been a book traveller and recollected that the sterility in question was not owing to dryness, but to excessive wetness of situation, I thought opposition would be vain and suffered them to proceed.

At the first intermissions of their volubility, I expressed my astonishment at the number and elegance of the buildings, which had been erected since my residence in town, but was stopped short by Mr. T., who asserted that no man could know what magnificence was, unless he visited London and Paris, and proceeded to describe St. Paul's Cathedral and the Palais de St. Cloud. A demure looking gentleman, who I learnt was a large real estate holder, and had a concern in several corporations, appeared to feel some displeasure at this sweeping condemnation of our architecture; and seemed determined to draw forth something in praise of our own country by mentioning the spirit for public improvement, which had evinced itself in bridges, canals, and turnpikes, but the only effect his remark had was to occasion observations on the Wapping and Liverpool docks, on the roads of France, which, by the command of Napoleon, had been turned into malls shaded by trees, and a contemptuous mention by young T. of the gutter, which connects the Charles with the Merrimack.

This turn in the conversation gave me some time to recollect myself, and, determining not to be excluded from the conversation, I hazarded a remark or two on agriculture, judging that on this subject the sparks must necesarily be silent; but here again I was mistaken; for they immediately expressed their contempt of American husbandry, and began an elaborate description of the high cultivation of France, which was represented as possessing within itself all the luxuries, all the conveniences of life. As they appeared so heartily to despise their own country, I next attempted to say something of the political affairs of Europe, (for at home I have the reputation of being a profound politician and have been repeatedly solicited to come representative to the General Court.) But no opportunity was allowed for the display of my abilities, for it was instantly declared, that Bonaparte ruled the destinies of Europe, and the travellers at the same time commenced a description of this wonderful man in so loud a tone, that neither could be distinctly heard and had not dinner been opportuely announced to stop their vociferations, I believe the gentlemen would actually have quarrelled for precedency in the narration.

At table I expected conversation would take a different turn, as Mrs. H. and her two daughters were present, but though the young ladies spoke of the fashions and the theatre, it only led to encomiums on the Parisian belles and the Italian opera, in comparison with which the taste of our fair countrywomen was declared to be contemptible, and our theatrical exhibitions flat and insipid. Now as I had never been within the walls of a theatre, and had been in company with few fashionable ladies, except my young cousins, whose dresses by the way I had no disposition to compliment, I was again necessitated to remain silent. Every dish next passed under review, and the comparison between

American and French cookery never failed to turn in favour of the latter. Finding every attempt to introduce subjects in which I could take a part failed; I amused myself with observing how readily every topic was turned out of its natural channel in order to display the store of knowledge our travellers had amassed, and, when one of the company, holding up a glass of wine, remarked that the colour was very delicate, Mr. T. declared that the position of the gentleman reminded him of the great picture in the Stadt-house at Amsterdam, in which one of the figures is represented with a glass of wine in his hand, and was so admirably executed that an English amateur once offered a thousand guineas to cut it from the canvass.

Do, Mr. Wanderer, write something on the subject of travel'd impertinence in order to restrain these coxcombs, who have spent a few weeks abroad, and whose acquaintance in London has been confined to Threadneedle street, and whose knowledge of French manners and customs has been acquired at the boudoirs of the Boulevards or the bagnios of the palais royal, from engrossing conversation themselves and astounding by their flippancy those modest men whose perigrinations have never extended much beyond the limits of their native town, and have nothing but sound sense and rational remarks to recommend them. With great admiration for your writings, I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JONATHAN HOMEBRED.

P. S. I have just learnt that these travelled gentlemen were a month in England and were most of that time at the manufacturing towns. They crossed the channel and spent a week at Amsterdam but never set foot in France or Italy. Should you write a paper for their edification I beg you would remind them of the fable of the Jack-daw who would be thought a Peacock.

For the Emerald.

TRANSLATION.

We are indebted to the French version of M. Levesque for our knowledge of the following fable by the Russian poet Soumorokof. The only notice of the author of which we are possessed is derived from the same source. "*Soumorokof* is the founder of the Russian drama. Elegant like Racine, he endeavours to imitate him in the conduct of his plots, but he cannot penetrate the secret of our inimitable poet. In his comedies he has too nearly imitated the manner of the French comic writers without equalling them. His satires are more humorous than profound or pointed, but his fables are truly meritorious, and we have met with no writings of this kind possessed of more *naïveté* since those of La Fontaine."

THE MORALIZER...*A FABLE.*

THERE was once a reformer of morals, a decided admirer of greatness in sentiment. He counselled and consoled the afflicted. All his neighbors looked up to him as a great man, and listened to his precepts as laws. Had any one been robbed? had one sustained the loss of a child or a wife? was innocence attacked and borne down by oppression? These were things of course and to believe him were not evils.

This philosopher had a young wife. She was beautiful. How small a thing! in the eyes of a lover a dowdy is a goddess. But death has little respect for love and keeps no account of years, striking without discrimination the old and the young. Death seized in youth the wife of our philosopher. He, alas! beats his breast, rends his hair, and

cries aloud till the air resounds with his clamor. His neighbors assemble and surround him. Remember, dear moralizer, say they, what you yourself have said to us.—When I gave you lessons, replied he, when I *then* offered consolation, it was *you* who had lost wives but *now*...it is *mine* who is dead. X.

Journal de litterature, des sciences et des arts.

BIOGRAPHY.

FEW of our readers we presume are unacquainted with the name of the celebrated French satirist BOILEAU. The following sketch of his life and writings is compiled from an English translation of the *Bolæana*, connected with the meagre account of this great poet, by which it is prefaced.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU,

Surnamed DESPREAUX, a celebrated French poet, was born at the village of Crone near Paris, in 1636. The infancy of Boileau was painful and irksome. He was at eight years old cut for the stone; and he felt all his lifetime the consequences of the operation. Having lost his mother when very young, and his father being absorbed in business, the education of this eminent poet was entrusted to an old female servant, who treated him with great harshness. He had to endure likewise the hatred and jealousy of his elder brother, Giles Boileau; from whose presence he used to fly, by hiding himself, and passing his time in a turret near the top of the house: which exile he endured till his fifteenth year. Boileau used to say, that if life was again offered him on the terms of repassing his miserable early years, he should refuse to accept of it. His sublime genius overcame all these disadvantages. He was but just placed in the fourth class, when, with a mind improved, and inspired with the perusal of ancient writers, he felt an ardor of being a poet, and he attempted a comedy. "I introduced," he used to say, "three giants on the stage, preparing to combat with each other, on account of a lady with whom they were all enamored; when a fourth giant arrives, and separates the rivals by repeating the following lines:

Géans, arrétez-vous;
Gardez pour l'ennemi la furéur de vos coups.

Giants, retire, and cease these rude alarms;
And launch on foes the fury of your arms."

He lost his father and mother early in life. His friends advised him to assume the profession of the law, when he had gone through a course of philosophical studies. In compliance with this advice, Boileau soon became a proficient in legal knowledge, and was admitted advocate at the age of twenty. His mind, pure and elegant, was soon disgusted with the quibbles and chicanery of his new profession; and he quitted it to enter into another, which promised to be more satisfactory to his feelings, and more edifying to his understanding. He for some time applied himself to theological authors; but absurd interpretations of holy mysteries, violent disputes on matters of little moment, and speculations involved in tenfold darkness, drove the sagacious Boileau from the cloisters of the Sorbonne.—Left to himself, he discovered the real powers of his mind; and, employed on criticism and poetry, he created envy among the best poets of his age by his superior genius, and awed the indifferent writers by the acuteness and severity of his strictures. The sagacity of his intellect taught him to discover the follies and vices of his contemporaries, and the integrity of his own heart inclined him to reprobate them. Boileau became a writer as formidable by the harshness of his censures, as fascinating by the wit and humor of his satire.

When he first commenced his satirical career, he received admonitory hints from his friends, that he was about to stir up against himself an host of formidable enemies, who would continually keep their eyes upon him on every opportunity. "I care not for them," answered the intrepid satirist, "I will endeavor to be an honest man, and I shall defy their malice."

The predictions of his friends were fully verified for when the satires of Boileau first came out, the rage and indignation occasioned by them among the higher as well as the lower classes of poets, &c. were universal and ex-

treme. M. Fourcroi, a famous lawyer, whose disposition in general was jealous and malignant, and especially against M. Despreaux, circulated a printed paper all over Paris, couched in these terms: "Be it known to all who feel themselves injured by and inimical to some lately published satires, that a meeting will be held on such a day, and on such an hour, at the house of Sieur Rohet, an attorney; and a court composed of malcontents will sit, to consider the ways and means of redressing the complaints of those whose characters are aspersed by the aforesaid Satires."

Notwithstanding his professed independence Boileau was not superior to uneasinesses occasioned by the abuse published against him; but was the first person to applaud any ingenious satire levelled at him. "I look on myself," says he, "like an enchanted hero; whom the blows of his enemies either do not reach, or wound very slightly. With all their malice (he would add) they have not found out the vulnerable part of Achilles."—"Where does it lie?" said a friend. "That I shall not tell you," replied the satirist: "you must find out that." It is probable that he alluded to the sameness of his writings, particularly in his prefaces; the character of which is too monotonous.

His early and profound knowledge of ancient authors exalted the literary character of the poet beyond the malice of petty competition. "Those who flattered themselves that they should diminish the reputation of Boileau, by printing in the manner of a commentary, at the bottom of each page of his works, the many lines he has borrowed from Horace and Juvenal, were grossly deceived.* The verses of the ancients, which this poet turned into French with so much address, and which he hath happily made so homogeneous, and of a piece with the rest of the work, that every thing seems to be conceived in a continued train of thought, by the very same person, confer as much honour on M. Despreaux as the verses which are purely his own. The original turn which he gives to his translations, the boldness of his expressions, so little forced and natural, that they seem to be born as it were with his thoughts, display almost as much invention as the first production of a thought entirely new†."—Speaking of Boileau's great work, the Art of Poetry, the same elegant, acute, and candid critic above quoted observes: "The brevity of his precepts, enlivened by proper imagery, the justness of his metaphors, the harmony of his numbers, as far as Alexandrine lines will admit; the exactness of his method, the perspicacity of his remarks, and the energy of his style, all duly considered, may justify my opinion that it is the best composition of the kind extant. It is scarcely to be conceived how much is comprehended in four short cantos. He that has well digested these, cannot be said to be ignorant of any important rule of poetry. The tale of the Physician turned Architect, in the fourth canto, is told with vast pleasantry. It is to this work he owes his immortality; and which was of the highest utility to his nation, in diffusing a just way of thinking and writing, banishing every species of false wit, and introducing a general taste for the manly simplicity of the ancients, on whose writings this poet had formed his taste."†

The high opinion entertained by Louis XIV, of the taste and talents of our poet, is evinced by the following anecdote.

The old Duke de la Feuillade, meeting Boileau one day in the Gallery of Versailles, repeated to him a sonnet of Charleval, which ended with these lines:

Ne regardez point mon visage,
Regardez seulement à ma tendre amitié.§

The Poet answered, that he saw nothing remarkably good in the sonnet; and objected to those two lines, on account of the play of words which they contained. The Duke perceiving the Princess Royal coming through the gallery, he read the sonnet hastily to her as she passed. The lady told him it was very fine. The Duke returned to Boileau; and in a sneering manner observed, that he must have a very fastidious taste, if he disapproved of verses which both the King and Princess had praised. "I do not doubt the King's superiority in taking towns, and gaining battles; nor do I doubt the talents of Madame

* *The Jesuits, who wrote the Journals of Trevoux, strongly object plagiarism to Boileau.*

† *Warton's Essay on Pope, vol.* 1.

§ *Fix your eyes no more on my countenance, but fix them only on the tenderness of my friendship.*

the Princess: but in regard to a knowledge of poetry;" replied Boileau, "I think I am at least their equal." The Duke ran in great haste to the King; and told him, with great marks of disgust and indignation, the arrogant speech of the poet. "My Lord," replied the King, "I am sorry to say that I am obliged to confess that M. Boileau is perfectly in the right."

The confidence of the King is made more manifest by the appointment of Boileau, in 1677, in conjunction with Racine, to write his history. In the campaign of Gand, Boileau and Racine in consequence of that appointment, were ordered to follow the King to the field of action, in which Louis had frequently exposed himself to great danger. The courtiers intreated his Majesty to be more careful of his person: his historian begged that the Monarch would not occasion him so soon to finish his history; adding, that the cannon-ball had come within seven paces of his Majesty. "How far were you off it?" asked the King. "A hundred," replied the poet. "And were you not in fear," "Yes, Sire, I was much alarmed for your Majesty. and very much indeed for myself."

At the death of Racine, Boileau came to court, to solicit the King to appoint M. Valincourt his successor as joint-historiographer. "M. Boileau," said the King, "you and I have suffered a great loss in the late M. Racine."—"It is some consolation, Sire," replied the poet, "that he met his last moments courageously, and like a Christian, since he was always very fearful of death"—"Oh aye!" replied the King, "I remember that you were the valiant men at the siege of Gand."

Racine used to relate a very singular instance of the satirist's powers of mimickry. Boileau (says Racine) once undertook to imitate the steps of an extraordinary dancer, whom he had seen, in the exhibition of his skill. Boileau executed all the difficult steps and attitudes of the performer with great success; though he had never been taught to dance, and never practised the art at any time before.

Boileau was not insensible to praise, but uneasy when it did not appear incidentally given. When any one was too profuse of such incense, the poet exclaimed, "You shall not make me a coxcomb." On other occasions he used to restrain the panegyrist by saying, "I would rather people would read me than praise me." Boileau was languid in conversation; a defect which he betrayed from his early years. He improved very much on acquaintance. His method of discoursing was pleasing and affable: to use his own expressions on the subject, it had neither claws nor talons. To men of merit he was by no means niggard of his praise; but pedants, and shallow pretenders to literature, felt the utmost severity of his wit. Candor and equity dictated his opinions on all occasions; and he has well described these parts of his character, in the following two verses in his Art of Poetry:

L'ardeur de se montrer, et non pas de médire,
Arma la vérité du vers de la satire.
Chant. ii.

Alike unskill'd in partial praise or blame,
Truth arm'd with satire vindicates her name.

In 1684 he was chosen a member of the French Academy. In the year 1701 he was elected pensionary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Medals; which place he filled with great honor till the year 1705, when, being deaf and infirm, he obtained leave to resign. He then quitted the court, and passed the remainder of his life tranquilly, amongst a few friends. Boileau died in March 1711, at the age of 75.

When this eminent satirist was on his death bed, his friends were willing to inspire him with a degree of confidence in his recovery that the poet's feelings told him was groundless. He repeated the line in Malherbe:

"Je suis vaincu du tems, je céde à son outrage."
Time has prevail'd, I cannot but obey.

This critical acumen was not blunted by age nor sickness, for during this period a person begged leave to read to him a new tragedy; the satirist listened to the two first scenes, and then exclaimed, "Why do you wish to hasten my end?"

Although his satirical humour had created him many enemies, yet the number of the friends of Boileau, who attended at his funeral, was very considerable. An old woman of the lower class, perceiving the multitude which filled the streets, observed shrewdly,

"The man had a great many friends forsooth, yet they say that he spoke ill of every body." This however was a vulgar error for he never, withheld his approbation from any composition in which he discovered instances of genius or talent. When a friend read to him a work of this description, the satisfaction which he felt flushed in his eyes, and thundered in his speech. Yet he seemed no longer master of opposite sensations to these, when any absurd specimen of verse or prose was brought before him.

Having exhausted our biographical materials, we may be permitted to add, that though the minor literati of his age were liberal in their calumnies on his character and conduct, as well as their attacks on his writings, yet the former will be viewed with candor by posterity, and the latter may be ranked with those which are destined to immortality.

We shall close this sketch of the life and writings of M. DESPREAUX with the lines written by *Rousseau* to be placed beneath the portrait of this great poet. To us they appear truly characteristic.

La vérité par lui démasqua l'artifice :
Le faux dans ses écrits par lui fut combattu ; [justice ;
Mais toujours au merite, il sut rendre
Et ses Vers furent moins la satyre du vice,
Que l'éloge de la vertu.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

SOCRATES used to say, that he had rather inscribe his sentiments in the hearts of men than on the skins of animals. But surely this wish would confine their utility to his neighbors. On the contrary, it seems the duty of a philosopher not only to exert his wisdom for the benefit of the age in which he lives, but to transmit his instructions to posterity. He should, therefore, by committing them to writing, make them pass into the hearts of all his acquaintance, strangers, and future ages.

Literary Labor.

ADDISON, before he commenced his Spectators, had amassed materials with the assiduity of a student. YOUNG, in his poetical epistle to Tickell, alluding to Addison's Spectators, says,

"A *chance amusement* polished half an age."

But it has been since discovered that the reverse is the fact; for Addison had collected his materials to the amount of three folio volumes.

Happiness.

Active in indolence, abroad we roam,
In search of happiness, which dwells at home :
With vain pursuit fatigu'd, at length you'll find,
No place excludes it from an equal mind. *Elphinston.*

The French have been desirous in all ages and under all circumstances to attain universal sovereignty. This love of domination, this wish for national ascendancy pervades all classes and is almost as powerful in the breast of the shoe-black, as the bosom of the Emperor. Philosophers are not exempt from it, and no sober minded man can resist an inclination to smile at the gravity with which the following passages in St. Pierre discloses the sentiments of that author. Speaking of Paris, he says,

"Time was when, on the faith of our political writers, I looked upon that city as too great. But I am now far from thinking that it is of sufficient extent and sufficiently majestic, to be the capital of a kingdom so flourishing. I could wish that, our sea ports excepted, there were no city in France but Paris; that our provinces were covered only with hamlets and villages, and subdivided into small farms; and that, as there is but one centre in the kingdom, there might likewise be but one capital. *Would to God it were that of all Europe, nay, of the whole earth;* and that, as men of all nations bring thither their industry, their passions, their wants, and their misfortunes, it should give them back, in fortune, in enjoyment, in virtues and in sublime consolations, the reward of that asylum which they there resort to seek!" *Studies of Nature.*

La fille raisonnable.

Notre curé crie et s'emporte,
Il me défend d'aimer Lubin !
Il me dit d'aimer mon prochain,
Et Lubin demeure à ma porte.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, SAVAGE, and PHILLIPS.

These three celebrated characters, after spending an evening together at a tavern in Gerrard-street, Soho, sallied out some time after midnight, in high glee and spirits. They were accosted by a tradesman, near the top of Hedge-lane, who, after begging their pardon for addressing them on the subject, told them, that "at the top of the lane he had seen two or three suspicious-looking fellows, who appeared to be bailiffs, so that if any of them were apprehensive of danger, he would advise them to take a different route."

Not one of them waited to thank the man, but flew off different ways; each conscious from the embarrassment of his own affairs, that such a circumstance was likely to happen to himself.

Truth without a compliment.

Kind *Kitty* kiss'd her husband with these words,
My own sweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!
If true, quoth *Will*, the world no such affords:
And that 'tis true, I dare his warrant be;
For ne'er heard I of woman, good or ill,
But always dearly lov'd *her own sweet Will*.

INDOLENCE.

Seneca has a very just observation on this propensity of the mind. "Self-constraint," says he, "is necessary, to force the mind into exertion." Cogenda mens, ut incipiet. The human appetite, at certain seasons, will grow languid, and by tasting food regains its powers. It is necessary, with respect to the mind, that the disgust, the inaptitude to toil, should be over-ruled; and when once it is set in motion, the thoughts follow one another in abundance, and with a facility which appeared impossible to the mind in a state of inaction.

Queen Elizabeth, who died at Greenwich, was brought thence to Whitehall by water in a grand procession. It was on this occasion, as Camden informs us, that the following quaint lines were written:—

The QUEEN was brought by water to Whitehall; [fall;
At every stroke the oars did *tears* let
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their *eyes* of *pearl*, and swam *blind* after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs, [*eyes*,
Have row'd her thither in her *people's*
For howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scann'd, [*land*.
She had come by *water*, had she come by

Every great, rich and consequential man, who has not the wisdom to hold his tongue, must enjoy his privilege of talking, and there must be dull fellows to listen to him; again, if, by talking about what he does not understand, he gets into embarrassments, there must be clever fellows to help him out of them: when he would be merry, there must be witty rogues to make him laugh; when he would be sorrowful, there must be sad rogues to sigh and groan and make long faces: as a great man must be never in the wrong, there must be hardy rascals, who will swear he is always in the right; as he must never show fear, of course he must never see danger; and as his courage must at no time sink, there must be friends at all times ready to prevent its being tried.

Cumberland.

JUNIUS.

I consider Tristram Shandy as the most eccentric work of my time, and Junius the most acrimonious; we have heard much of his style; I have just been reading him over with attention, and I confess I can see but little to admire. The thing to wonder at is, that a secret, to which several must have been privy, has been so strictly kept; if Sir William Draper, who baffled him in some of his assertions, had kept his name out of sight, I am inclined to think he might have held up the cause of candor with success. The publisher of Junius I am told was deeply guaranteed; of course, although he might not know his author, he must have known whereabouts to look for him. I never heard that my friend Lord George Germain was amongst the suspected authors, till by way of jest he told me so not many days before his death: I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility. The man who

wrote it, had a savage heart, for some of his attacks are execrable; he was a hypocrite, for he disavows private motives, and makes pretensions to a patriotic spirit. I can perfectly call to mind the general effect of his letters, and am of opinion that his malice overshot its mark. Let the anonymous defamer be as successful as he may, it is but an unenviable triumph, a mean and cowardly gratification, which his dread of a discovery forbids him to avow.

Ibid.

STERNE.

As for *Tristram Shandy*, whose many plagiarisms are now detected, his want of delicacy is unpardonable, and his tricks have too much of frivolity and buffoonery in them to pass upon the reader; but his real merit lies not only in his general conception of character, but in the address, with which he marks them out by those minute, yet striking, touches of his pencil, that make his descriptions pictures, and his pictures life: in the pathetic he excels, as his story of Lefevre witnesses, but he seems to have mistaken his powers, and capriciously to have misapplied his genius. *Ibid.*

BURKE.

I conceive there is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages in the declamatory style, as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract upon the French Revolution. It is most highly colored and most richly ornamented, but there is elegance in its splendor, and dignity in its magnificence. The orator demands attention in a loud and lofty tone, but his voice never loses its melody, nor his periods their sweetness. When he has roused us with the thunder of his eloquence, he can at once, Timotheus-like, choose a melancholy theme, and melt us into pity: there is grace in his anger: for he can inveigh without vulgarity; he can modulate the strongest bursts of passion, for even in his madness there is music.

Ibid.

People of merit lose nothing by being known. Daylight or dark, a diamond will sparkle.

From "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland" we extract the following ludicrous description of the person and manners of Soame Jenyns. In smiling at his portrait, we shall not all abate the high respect we feel for the author of the dissertation on the internal evidences of the Christian religion.

A DISAGREEMENT about a name or a date will mar the best story, that was ever put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily could not bear an interrupter of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or if he heard him, would not heed him; Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of its humor, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunners of the amenity, that was at the heels of them. He was the man, who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions, whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honor in all the colors of the jay; his lace indeed had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days, when gentlemen embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts; as nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig, that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into; his pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing; it was like the bread to our din-

ner; you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did; his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them: he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician and a worse dancer; ill nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips; those lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them; they were very bad, but he had been told that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysics, and some of us had just then been making extemporary epitaphs upon each other: though his wit was harmless, yet the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartees, that had a play of words as well as of thought, as when speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, "One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal." Certain it is he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push. It was rather to be lamented that his lady Mrs. Jenyns had so great a respect for his good sayings, and so imperfect a recollection of them, for though she always prefaced her recitals of them with—*as Mr. Jenyns says*—it was not always what Mr. Jenyns said, and never, I am apt to think, *as* Mr. Jenyns said; but she was an excellent old lady, and twirled her fan with as much mechanical address as her ingenious husband twirled his snuff-box.

Literary Notices.

Brisban and Brannan of New York have made a valuable addition to the Catalogue of American publications in the Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself, containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of several of the most distinguished persons of his time, with whom he had connexion—recently published in one octavo volume. We have perused this work with uniform satisfaction. Its writer speaks of himself and his friends in a style which has all the fascination of a novelist's narrative while we are constrained by internal evidence to believe every syllable of the relation. He introduces us to his contemporaries and we imagine we are in their company; he pourtrays their character and we subscribe to his correctness; he criticises his own writings and we cannot dispute his judgment. Some extracts are this day laid before our readers, but we recommend the whole work to their attentive perusal. The mechanical execution of the book is neat, but we are constrained to remark that many typographical errors are discoverable, a fault but too prominent in most American editions.

Wright, Goodenow & Stockwell, of Troy, N. Y. intend shortly to publish "*The first American Edition of Hudibras;*" a poem which has insured immortality to the name of *Samuel Butler*, although the subject of his satires should only survive in his own work.

Proposals are issued by O. Penniman & Co. of the same village, and J. Riley, & Co. of New York, for publishing by subscription, "*Letters to a young Lady,*" in which the duties and character of women are considered chiefly with reference to prevailing opinions.—By Mrs. West, author of "Letters to a Young Man." This writer has obtained deserved celebrity.

"The Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud" has been republished in Philadelphia, by J. Watts, and is now offered for sale in this town. In a late number of the Riga Literary Journal it is stated that the Emperor of Russia has ordered this work to be translated into the Russian and Polish languages.

Errata in our last number.

Toward the close of remarks on Mr. Channing's Oration, for "MINERVA may be the gentleman's household *god*," read, MINERVA may be the gentleman's household *goddess*; and in the next period for "giving up the papers under *his* charge," read, giving up the papers under *her* charge.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE CHOICE.

A RHAPSODY.

CONTINUED.

THREE ladies, they are not the graces,
Who dwell in groves & hallow'd places.
Nor are the *three*, who in dispute
On Ida for the golden fruit
Before a man were naked seen,
The lovely ladies that I mean.
Three ladies crown'd with lasting youth,
Digression, Fancy and plain Truth.
To these fair ladies doth belong,
The part of muse to aid the song.
By you inspir'd I sing—to you
The praise, if any, shall be due.
But chiefly thou, Digression—pray
Come thou along, and grace the lay.
As on a pleasant day—some swain
When rambling o'er the beaten plain,
And with the flowery country struck
Strikes from the common path to pluck
The flowers just opening into day,
The cowslip and the vi'let gay.
Hail to the happy land, where grows
The lilly, and the blushing rose,
May'st thou be ever free from curses
That decks with flowers, both fields and verses.

The next let airy Fancy rise,
Known by no rules, exempt from ties.
Come Fancy in thy milk-white robe,
Who in an instant from this globe,
Can take a journey to the moon,
As swift as eagle or balloon.
Fancy, all-conquering and puissant,
Makes up where Truth may be deficient,
Philosophers, (from Aristotle
To me when seated with my bottle)
Do not in their opinion vary,
That Truth is sometimes necessary.

Since all have an undoubted right
(No matter how they all came by't)
To wish for things which they indeed
Affirm they absolutely need,
Tho' few can with an honest voice
Affirm they ever had their CHOICE.
I've as good right *to wish*—'tis true
Poets have nothing else to do!
Tho' it come unexpected—I
To *Fortune* only need apply.
In as the proverb, (proverbs are
As every mortal will declare
Sentences, easy, and concise,
Which from their truth obtain their rise,
And thro' this continental nation
Form half the common conversation.)
For as the proverb (Dormer—oh!
If this should reach the shades below,
And in that language be translated,
Let not thy ghost be irritated,
Nor say she is a vulgar muse
Who such proverbial sayings use.)
For as the proverb does declare
"Faint heart ne'er won a lady fair,"
No longer wait, but with submission
Prefer to FORTUNE your petition.

O Fortune, if I ever pray'd
Before for thy maternal aid,
In justice, ma'am, you ought allow
Thy suppliant's petition now;
And if you'll give me what I want,
I'll name as fast as you can grant.
First, if I had a coach and pair
To drive to town, or take the air,
And all the needful small attendants,
That's requisite to independence,
I think sincerely 'twould assuage
My tears and sighs for equipage.
Next, madam, if you're fond of giving,
I'll point you out my way of living,
I choose a competent estate,
Full as magnificent and great,
As your *stock* and ability
Can spare to such a wight as I.—
My mansion built on rising ground
Commands the beauteous prospect round.
Where landscapes vari'gated rise,
To grace my ville and please the eyes.
Behind the house, my garden plac'd
With every necessary grac'd,
As well as things to please the taste,
As pleasant groves and shad'wy bowers
And spouting founts & smiling flowers,
Better if near my garden stood,
A *murmuring stream* and rising wood;
For in the solitary grove
Th' Aonian virgins love to rove.
But if the ladies can't attend,
I'd take a ramble with a friend—
Ideal ladies gone—I would
Walk out with those of flesh and blood.
I might be thought devoid of taste
If on my farm I had not plac'd,
Beside the rills and groves and grottos,
Statues, urns, obelisks and mottos.

POLLIO.

To be continued.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

To Laura.

O BE no longer standing,
In doubt to choose a part,
See little loves demanding,
A station in your heart.
Then be no more refining
Your system of despair,
And let no base repining
Receive a harbor there.

Behold what joys surround you
And wait your ord'ring voice,
Then cast your eye around you
And make a speedy choice.
See those of every station,
So merry, blithe and glad,
Shall joy pervade the nation
And yet the queen be sad?

Then let your heart be mended,
And hold this maxim just,
That Care was not intended
To lay us in the dust:
For when the summer showers
Have beat upon the plain,
The little laughing flowers
Lift up their heads again.

WILLIAM.

For the Emerald.

AMARANTHUS TO DELIA.

WHEN thy lovers are pressing around,
To please thee with treacherous wiles;
I admit that you never may wound,
But do not repay them with smiles.

Those glances on which I can live,
Do not to my rivals impart;
Each smile, that to others you give,
Is a dagger that goes to my heart.

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

MY Love possesses every charm,
For she is frank and kind,
Fair Venus hush'd each false alarm
And bade her speak her mind:
Raising softer wishes there,
Than I ever durst declare.

AMARANTHUS.

(SELECTED.)

The following lines are said to be from the muse of SHAKESPEARE. There is in them much of the tenderness and simplicity which distinguish his ballads.—*Monthly Register.*

WOULD you be taught, ye feather'd throng,
In love's sweet notes to grace your song;
To charm the heart in thrilling lay,
Listen to Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wond'ring stoop & hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

When envy's tongue, and rancor's tooth,
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth;
And merit to distress betray,
To sooth the soul Ann hath a way.

She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day, [way.
Thou knowest, fond heart, Ann hath a
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

Talk not of gems the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustre to defy,
The jewel she, and the foil they
So sweet to look Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

But to my fancy were it given,
To rate her charms I'd call it heaven;
For tho' a mortal made of clay,
Angels might love Ann Hathaway,

She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprison'd soul,
And love and truth so to display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

EPIGRAM.

Scotland, thy weather's like a modish wife!
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife:
So termagant a while her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold—she cries.

BELCHER & ARMSTRONG, Printers,
No. 70, State-Street....Boston.